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A Positive Cure For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Have you ever felt a leaden weight in the pit of the stomach—a feeling of fullness, with belching of wind and perhaps severe pain? Then you know how indigestion feels. It makes a person sarcastic and cranky—it causes misery after every meal—it saps the strength.



Rev. Father Morrissey

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—one of the best of the late priest-physician's remarkable prescriptions—positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and all the suffering that comes from a "bad stomach."

Each tablet will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food—a good meal.

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50c. at Your Dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

OUR DEFECTIVE FATHERS

Having ascertained the result of the 130 race, the young man was about to drop the paper when something caught his eye. He started to read it.

"Come on," said his friend, rattling the dominoes impatiently on the mottled marble of the cafe table. "It's twenty past two now, and we must have one more game before we get back to the office."

"No hurry, Dick," said the other, "the governor's away, and I heard Benson say he was going to have a tooth out, and mightn't be back till 3."

"Oh, all right," said Dick, lighting a fresh cigarette.

"His friend grinned over the paper. "This is bloomin' funny," he said.

"What is it?" queried Dick.

"Why, a girl joined the Mormons and eloped to America. Her father borrowed some money and went after her."

"And when he got to New York they wouldn't let him through. Said he'd got heart disease and fired him back."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Dick. "Bloomin' funny!" And they resumed the dominoes.

"I say, Bert," said Dick at the end of the game, "why don't you leave home and go halves in my dig?"

"I would if I could afford it," said Bert, "for I can't stand my old man."

"Did he rag you about Monday night?" queried Dick.

"No, luckily he had an attack of lumbago, and went to bed early. Mother sat up for me and of course she would not tell him I was squiffy. It was nearly 2 when I got in."

"What's the matter with the old man, then?"

"Oh, he says I ought to give mother more money. I gave her ten bob as it is. How much does he think I can take home out of two quid a week? And he was shirty because I lifted a couple of cigars I found on the mantelpiece, and have been using his razor lately. I told him mine was blunt, the old fool."

"He gasses about what he's done for me, and says I take everything as a matter of course, because I asked him to lend me 25 bob for my season ticket. I told mother yesterday I was sick of him."

"What did she say?"

"She said he's always telling her he's sick of me. And what with his going on about me and his going on about brother Bob, she says she's sick of her life."

"All sick," grinned Dick. "We are a merry family, we are, we are, we are. What's Bob been up to?"

"Oh, he's been foolin' after some girl and getting into debt. Took her out in a trap and ran over some old chap and his relations came round and tackled my old man. Said Bob was driving recklessly, and they want kid compensation. Injured his knee cap or something. So dad's got the needle about that too. Says

everything seems to fall on him. Bob told mother strait that with a man like father there's no encouragement to stop at home. He says, same as me and if he could afford it I ain't a kid now. I'm a man, and I like to be treated as a man. Let's have another game."

They had another game and then sauntered back to the office. "See you at the Pavilion tonight," said Bert as they entered, "and if the old man says anything more to me about money matters, and my follies and all that much, I mean to tell him plain that he's the sort of a father that drives sons away from home and makes them go to the bad."

Meanwhile the fathers of England are being upbraided by bishops and statesmen. This question seems to have excited so many people lately that I thought it would be interesting to get the subject of few fathers on the subject families.

I first addressed myself to an old gentleman—very wealthy—with one son.

"What is your view of children as a source of happiness?" I asked. He frowned. "Take that boy of mine," he said grimly. "I sent him to Oxford and told him he could go to Cambridge, too, if he liked. I gave him means to keep his end up with the sons of dukes and earls. He got into society that I wasn't good enough for, and then he went and married a bar-maid."

"Perhaps it was all for the best," murmured the mother.

"All for the best," growled the father. "Why, she looked him like a fish and she drinks like one. And so does he. I can't do anything with him."

I realize that the subject of children was not a popular one in that house. So I interviewed a friend who I thought could be regarded as an authority—a clergyman with seven daughters and four sons. He said his sons had left home and he hoped they were doing well. Having known a few clergymen's sons I did not press the matter further.

"I do not wish to be personal," I explained. "I want your views on families generally." He said speaking generally, of course, that families involved a natural anxiety. And where there were many daughters he thought there was a tendency to overrule parental authority.

"Yes," I said, sympathetically, "I know." I next visited a schoolmaster and asked him what he thought of the twentieth century child.

"The twentieth century child is the children's millennium," he said. "Toleration and respect and obedience are old-fashioned, and children look upon their parents as nothing more than survivors to ministry to their wants, and give them a good time."

Later I interviewed a father belonging to the class that have the largest families. "We've had eight and buried five and I wish'd we bury the lot."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "How's that?" The bishop of London, says that the worst man in the world is he who gives a famen kid compensation. Injured his knee cap or something. So dad's got the needle about that too. Says

me the advertisement of which ran: Caretaker Wanted. Man and Wife. No encumbrances. And I do defy you or any body else to manage that boy of mine. He's only ten and he's a hand-fail, I give you my word.

I sighed. And passing through a narrow street I came upon a small boy with a large barrow. It was stocked with bananas and he was just about to wheel it off.

"Goodbye mother," There was a grey haired woman at the door of a small house.

"Good bye," dear. Hope you'll sell out. He trundled off.

"You're son, ma'am?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "Thank God. Since his father died, 18 months ago, he's kept me and myself with that barrow. And I'll back him against any man on the road for sellin' bananas."

London Ideas.

The New German Chancellor

Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the new German Chancellor, has made rapid advances. He is one of the Emperor's intimate friends, having been brought into frequent contact with His Majesty when Provincial Governor of the Province of Brandenburg. With his headquarters at Potsdam he used to take long walks and rides with His Majesty. The Emperor was not slow to recognize his administrative talents, notably in the field of social legislation, and in 1901 His Majesty offered the new chancellor the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, which the Governor refused, as the conditions which he felt he must make, owing to the situation caused by Conservative opposition to the Emperor's canal plans, could not be fulfilled. However, four years later he accepted this appointment on the death of Freiherr von Hammerstein.

He soon attracted attention by the distinctly liberal policy he adopted towards legislation, notably by a speech wherein, while condemning certain aspects of the morality of Berlin, he warmly defended the necessity of providing recreation for workmen after hours of labor. He devoted his attention to improving the lot of the artisan class, whereas most social legislation had hitherto been applied to the working proletariat. In 1907 he succeeded Count Posadowsky at the Imperial home office, where he distinguished himself by drawing up the Imperial Insurance Law and the law controlling the right of assembly, both of which were passed by the Reichstag. The new Chancellor enjoys the confidence of all the bourgeois parties in the Reichstag, the only opposition to the appointment having come from the extreme wing of the Centrists.

Prince Buelow recently said to him "He is a very able man, and has a most profound nature." Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg visited England some years ago when Governor of Brandenburg, with the commission for the study of communal institutions, a subject on which he was well posted. He was of invaluable assistance to Mr. Lloyd George when the British Minister visited Berlin last year in connection with state insurance schemes. He gave lunch to his honor, and placed the whole of the state machinery at his disposal.

The new Chancellor has a good knowledge of English, and although of a retiring nature is generally popular with the diplomatic corps in Berlin.

The new Chancellor is in his 53 year. He is descended from the well-known Frankfurt banking family of Bethmann, which, originally of Dutch extraction, established itself at Frankfurt-on-Main in the seventeenth century. The new Imperial Chancellor's great-grandmother married John James Hollweg, who added his wife's name to his own.

In appearance Har von Bethmann Hollweg is tall and well set up, with rather a scholarly mien. He is a passionate rider and may be seen riding alone at an early hour every morning in the Tiergarten, mounted on a sober looking nag. The new Chancellor is married and has three children, two sons and a daughter, the eldest child, a son, being 19 years of age.

TIME TABLE

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

CONNECTION FOR

Ocean Limited

(CANADA'S SUMMER TRAIN)

leaves St. John 11.20 a. m.

daily except Sunday

arrives Montreal 7.35 a. m.

daily except Monday

Through Matapedia Valley in Daylight

Connecting in Montreal, Bonaventure Union Depot

with the

Grand Trunk Railway's

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED

LEAVING MONTREAL 9.00 A. M.

ARRIVING TORONTO 4.30 P. M.

and for

Detroit, Chicago and the West

New Brunswick Southern Railway.

TIME TABLE No. 32.

In effect January 3rd, 1909

Atlantic Time

Trains West

Read Down Stations

Train No. 1

Leave A.M.

Trains East

Read Up

Train No. 2

Arr. P.M.

7.30 St. John East Ferry

7.45 St. John West

7.53 Duck Cove

8.08 Spruce Lake

8.10 Allan Cot

8.25 Prince of Wales

8.35 Musquash

9.00 Lepreau

9.15 New River

9.23 Pocologan

9.41 Pennfield

10.15 St. George

10.32 Bonny River

10.58 Dyer's

11.11 Cassell's

11.17 C.P.R. Junction

11.42 Oak Bay

12.00 St. Stephen

Arr. Noon

Leave P.M.

Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Ticket, Baggage and Freight

Offices, St. John West

Railroad connections West with Canadian Pacific and Washington Co. Railways.

East with Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial & Dominion Atlantic Rys.

HUGH H. McLEAN, President

St. John, N. B., Dec. 1908

Deer Island and Campobello Service

Stmr. "Viking"

June to September, 1909

Mondays: Leave Back Bay for St. Stephen 7.30 a.m.

Tuesdays: Leaves St. Stephen for Lettice.

Thursdays: Leave St. Andrews for Lettice direct 7.30 a. m.

Thursdays: Leave Lettice for St. Stephen, 8.30 a. m.

Fridays: Leave St. Stephen for Back Bay.

Saturdays: Leave Back Bay or Lettice for St. Stephen, 6.00 a. m., returning same day.

On Saturdays will run to and from Lettice during June and August, to and from Back Bay during July and September.

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St. John, N. B.

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That's business sense

We sell as low as we can, that's Progressive sense.

You buy as low as you can, that's Good sense.

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We Pay the Highest Price for Country Produce. Give us Your Patronage and we will treat you right.

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